

The Temple Artisan

DECEMBER, 1911

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Mysticism, Social Science and Ethics

PUBLISHED AT
HALCYON, CALIFORNIA

Price 10 Cents

\$1.00 Per Year

THE TEMPLE

PRIMARILY, The Temple is a cosmic organic centre, the constituent parts of which are the units of collective humanity.

Coincident with the original impulse, the first emanation from the Central Spiritual Sun—the Universal Heart—came into manifestation, the Father-Mother-Son, the triangular corner stone of The Temple, upon which is rising, age by age, a geometrically perfect edifice. The cap stones to the pillars of the porch, and the outer walls are now being laid, preliminary to the work of the roof-builders—the humanity of the sixth great root-race.

The place of each stone is determined by the law of selection, and the same law determines the different Degrees and Orders which lead to and from the great Stone of Sacrifice which rests upon the pavement of the Central Square.

The development of outer conditions, planes and personalities must keep pace with and correspond to the development of the interior man, or evolutionary force would be diverted from its proper channels.

When the Craftsman or Apprentice to any Degree has finished his term of service, and has mastered all the details of the work, he is “recognized” by the Master Builder, and raised to a higher Degree, although he may never be conscious of the presence of that Master, until his apprenticeship is completed, and he in turn becomes a Master of a lower Degree.

The organization of The Temple, the members of which belong by evolutionary right to a certain Degree of Cosmic Life, which Degree is subdivided into seven Orders, is the continuation and expansion of the work of the Masters revived in this country a quarter of a century ago by certain chelas or disciples.

To the efforts of the Masters is due the impulse which has caused the great advance in scientific, philosophical and social endeavor; for they are the guardians of Ancient Wisdom and Knowledge, in which lies the root of all progress; and the work of The Temple is to cultivate and embody the highest principles of all such endeavor in one stupendous living organic whole.

It is a common belief that the fires on the altars of the Ancient Temples have been permitted to die out: but “those who know” say this is not true; that they are but hidden from the view of the masses, awaiting the time when the veil of ignorance and corruption hanging before the hearts of the humanity of this transitory period, shall be rent asunder, and the light of the ages become manifest to all. The time is comparatively close at hand when the doors of “The Temple of the Mysteries” shall once more swing outward. The Site of that once wonderful structure has been rediscovered, and when the Lord, the Saviour, the Elder Brother of the human race once more reappears to claim his own, He will find a place prepared for him by those who, having heard this call, “Come over and help us,” have faithfully responded, and have taken up their share of the burden of responsibility. Are you of that number?

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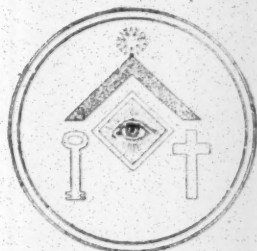
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Vol. XII.

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No. 7

Behold, I give



unto thee a key.

ENDURANCE

In your last extremity, when heedless of all else save the ever deepening, despairing cry of your soul then being smothered on your drawn lips; when your whole being seems submerged in one intense longing for succor from the anguish of the fitful fever that has consumed your courage, your will, your desires,—then I bid you strive to reach out and hold to the jutting rock on the bank of life's stream, the rock we name Endurance—the rock which rises above and beyond all others on those banks, and upon which is graven the message: "However hard, however distasteful and exacting the temporalities of the day, with the dawn of a new day, a change will come, as surely as that new sun has gilded the East. However dark and swirling the waters of that Life Stream may be, at the close of the day of your despair, there must come another day, when the whispered 'Peace, be still!' will quiet the waves and so permit you to swim safely and peacefully into the haven of your hopes, if you have hold of that one INVINCIBLE ROCK."



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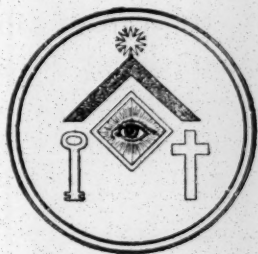
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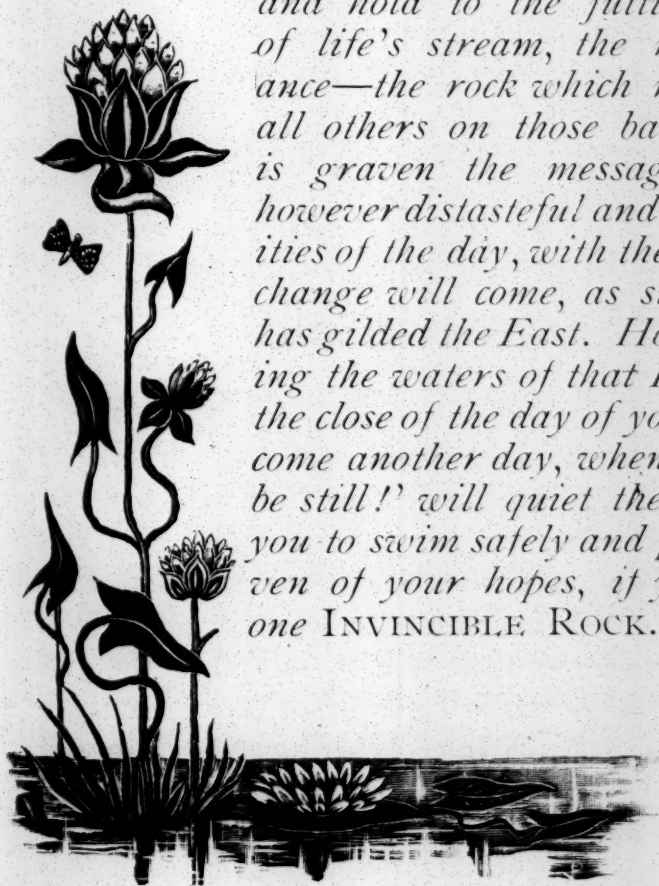
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RENUNCIATION.

One gave into my hand a crystal cup,
 Deep graven over with devices strange;
 A golden essence filled its hollow up,
 Whence rose rich fragrances in ceaseless change.
 "Taste not," a voice cried, and I shook with dread,
 "Nor spill one drop of this most precious wine,"
 And as it spoke low thunder rolled o'erhead,
 And distant lightnings showed the "Sea of Time."
 Trembling, I stood and clasped the crystal vase,
 Thirsting, I bent o'er its untasted wine,
 Till froze the hand that held its carven grace,
 Till parched my heart for that which still seemed mine.
 Now the cloud-hand that soft o'erfolds my own,
 Pours to me wine to mortal lips unknown!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

QUATRAIN.

Earth's hidden gem cannot compare
 To hoarded wealth the heart can hold;
 Ah Love! the one true alcahest,
 Transmitting all life's dross to gold.

HELEN FIELD COMSTOCK.

THE PHOSPHORIC PLANE.

TEMPLE TEACHINGS. OPEN SERIES, No. CX.

Each one of the four manifested planes and their sub-planes is evolved from some one basic force or element from which emanate or radiate three other forces—elements—which form, as it were, the substratum of that plane, and from which are evolved all other forces or elements which in combination create that plane. The basic element, together with its three emanations, are the pillars upon which the whole structure must rest during one great age.

The nearer the central point of each structure these four pillars stand the finer, the more tenuous become the elementary substances which constitute the plane.

That which is pure energy at the central point becomes dense

matter at the circumference, the density depending upon the character of the basic energy of the plane.

The intimate connection between thought and the element of phosphorus has long been recognized, but the knowledge of the causes, as well as the methods by which the relation is sustained, is confined to the "Illuminati," as well as the power of observing the minutiae of the states of organized life existing on those planes interior to the earth plane. It will be generally admitted that the points of divergence—the intermediate or sub-planes—between any two full planes (as, for instance, the physical and the astral planes), are impassible, and are incomprehensible by one still in bondage to Form. Man must part with his form either by death, trance, sleep or concentration, to pass from one plane to another, and even then he retains no consciousness of the passing, or knowledge of the substances through which he has passed, until he has reached by evolution the higher astral or soul plane.

What is the spiritual aspect of phosphorus?

You may be surprised to learn that in common parlance it would be the devil; in other words, it is the force of testing, the trial force.

The plane or gulf, as it is sometimes termed, between the physical and astral world, is lighted and largely energized by the active principle of phosphorus. It is the plane of testing, of trial, through which every soul must pass before entering the astral, which is the scene of another trial.

This phosphoric plane is the plane on which the soul drops the last figment of its physical nature, and it depends upon the clothing it finds itself in, as to what part of that astral plane it will next contact, and this energy of phosphorus acts as the testing force in this respect.

The soul will cling to those physical remnants if it can do so, sometimes through fear, sometimes through love, and the phosphoric force presents to the soul the problem of the separation from that physical matter.

The very force of testing is a mental force which belongs to the plane of Manas; it is reason, in one respect. Phosphorus is absolutely necessary to the formation of the physical brain and nerves.

Spiritual Light is the homogeneous energy, by, in, and of which all life in manifestation on the four planes above mentioned is created.

In passing from the lower astral to the physical plane, a definite

degree of that energy is alchemically reduced to phosphoric energy, from which emanate the three basic energies of Antimony, Arsenic and Carbon.

The three last mentioned have an inhibiting effect on the illuminating principle of homogeneous light, and it is therefore only through the phosphoric energy that the illuminating principle can radiate; and all the light visible to the eye which can penetrate the sub-plane mentioned, is a weird, shifting, phosphoric glow, streaked occasionally with red and green.

The energies of Antimony, Arsenic and Carbon are the vehicles which transfer the forces—the individual—lives of the physical plane through this intermediate or sub-plane to the next, the astral plane. They form, as it were, the boat which takes the soul of man over the river Styx (another name, by the way, for this intermediate plane).

The basic element, in this case Phosphorus, is always neutral to its three emanations, and always of another mode of motion.

It must always be remembered that these basic elements are not the gross forms of the substances we know by the same names on the physical plane, but are what the alchemists call the Soul or Spirit of those elements, and they are only observable by the Initiates or by one whom an Initiate has overshadowed for some definite purpose.

Observers of the phosphorescence of the ocean, in fungus and in warm, moist places on land, may be interested in knowing that the minute organisms to which that light is imputed are carriers of phosphoric energy, and their purpose in the divine economy is very great.

By means of water energized by Fire-Heat-all organic life is brought into physical form, and strange as it may appear, man is dependent upon such minute organisms as those mentioned and others for the vehicles of thought forces, i. e., the grey matter of the brain and nerves.

It is in Water that the four energies referred to, combine to create the forces, the living substance, which upon being released and transferred to the Air, subsequently enters into the formation of the grey matter in man, plant and animal—the brain and nerve substance, in varying intensities, and this gray matter is the vehicle of transmission for all thought forces.

The incarnation of the Sons of Mind into mindless men did not cease with their first incarnation. They are constantly reincarnat-

ing, and are doing so in the form of these short-lived, minute organisms.

If the principles of chemistry were better understood and applied to the study of all natural phenomena, some wonderful secrets would be revealed; but nature's great arcanum is sealed to the great majority through their sheer indolence and consequent ignorance.

A RECONSTRUCTED CHRISTMAS.

Christmas, New Year's, Easter, Independence Day, All Saints' Day, Thanksgiving Day, indeed, any familiar public or religious anniversary will be found to have its counterpart in some form among every people. Like these public anniversaries, the personal anniversaries, as the anniversary of the birthday, christening, marriage, death, are only a few of the more noticeable from among hundreds of common anniversaries which do not rise so conspicuously to the surface.

A general recognition, therefore, of a universal day, is the recognition of a common bond and experience, and is the means of revealing us to each other, of merging us into one family and mind. Those anniversaries occurring in many or all races at much the same season of the year are so deeply pervaded with meaning and power that they become the means of an actual rebirth, flooding the consciousness of a whole people with a sense of power and unity.

And it is this one predominant force, this occult secret, which is the key to the hidden mystery of all art, all science, all knowledge, and still more, of all social institutions, namely that any of these magical and universal potencies shall and must lead to a greater unity among men. Art which does not draw men together, arousing in the consciousness of the mass of mankind the emotions and feeling of the artist, is no art; science which does not achieve a greater unity in power and service among men is no science; and institutions which do not break down bars, scatter antagonisms and heal the scars of battle are not social institutions at all.

Dearest of all seasons to the child heart, hence to all hearts, is Christmas, glowing, mysterious Christmas. Once to really hear its carol, once to know the warmth of the real Yule Log, the aspiration of the burning candles, the old, old friendship of the ever-green, is to know old Claus himself, to know what he knows, to

know what he means when he carries a plaything to a little one, to know what he means by keeping himself known to the little ones through its earliest years.

And this charm of Christmas is contained in its power to unify, to anoint, to wrap in its embrace the diverse spirit of the hour. The family draws nearer to itself, the city to itself and to other cities, and the international pervasion of Christmas feeling is perhaps the only internationalism which we have as yet achieved.

Why, then, should we need to reconstruct so estimable an institution, so excellent a Christmas?

The answer to that question will be found to answer also the same question asked about the reconstruction of almost every institution around us. Christmas has fallen into the bypaths of pride and vain-glory, into the mesh of individualism, into self-indulgence and satiety, often into gluttony and vice. From good-will to all men we have derived good-will to a few men—mostly our friends; "peace on earth" means an armed peace; and as for the needy, we contrive ourselves to be the needy and eat too much; the real needy may toe the bread line. Santa Claus turns up with prolific wonders for the children who already have more than they can use; for the babies of the poorest of the poor he has excuse—they have no houses, no chimneys, no stockings that will hold anything, or no stockings at all.

And what can co-operation do with Christmas?

Christmas of co-operation can be a Christmas of Edward Belamy's "Looking Backward," of William Morris' "News From Nowhere," of More's "Utopia," of Plato's "Republic." In the transition to that stage the birth of Christ could be celebrated in the placing of fountains in the city square, the reduction of the slum and its replacement with a model home, the planting of a children's park; the lessening of the most strenuous of the work hours of hard and laborious employment whereby the workers shall bless instead of blaspheming the name of the Christ; and children, on some Christmas day, might be freed from slavery forever.

The constructed Christmas of the past belonged to fierce internecine competition coupled with sacrifice; to the sword of individualism tempered by charity; the reconstructed Christmas of the future will belong to Co-operation. In co-operation the sword becomes the plowshare, and the co-operative plowshare makes charity unnecessary. Emphasizing the love we bear to the individual whom we happen to love, the Christmas of the past has forgotten

all others; the Christmas of the future will carry the note of service from all men to all men.

Civicism is in the tenor of a co-operative Christmas. Let us celebrate the lowly manger in the founding of a noble municipal hostelry. The schools, the roads, the parks, the libraries, and playgrounds, could each receive Christmas reinforcement in the name of all men; but more than this, we could well remember the Friend of the working man in the beautifying of the workshop, in making the factory, the mine, and the warehouse, into places in which we would not be ashamed to house the carpentering labors of Jesus Himself.

The planting of trees has been given to Arbor Day. In this every one shares, and every one benefits. Could we not make Christmas an epitome of all other days and extend its embrace to include every beautiful and beneficent operation in which all men may permanently share?

GRACE TANQUARY HILLYARD.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

II.

SIDNEY HILLYARD.

Turning to Christianity as a whole, if it be that religion is the unfailing cause of historical phenomena, why is it that under Christianity triumphant in the Dark Ages Christendom produced not one single great name in a thousand years in any art, science, or learning, whereas, today Christendom exhibits more of all of these than was ever known in the world before?

Perhaps the weakest theory of them all is the "Great Man" explanation of history. Nothing has been more repeatedly shown than that these so-called "great men" are the product and expression of their times. That without certain given conditions they would have wasted their greatness on the desert air; and that had they not been on the spot something else would have happened and the great event with which they were connected must have come about. Every man has great moments; any man may be great one moment and small the next; the co-operation of their fellow men and of their times has enabled all the so-called "great men" of history to do what they did, and even then we cannot by

any means say that they actually did change the steady course of the river of time.

Take the case, for instance, of Heraclius, the emperor of Constantinople. Here was a man who led a Roman army into Asia against a triumphant enemy at a moment when Chosroes, the Persian, was at the gates of Constantinople with an overwhelming force. In ten years Heraclius had accomplished deeds which no Roman, not even Julius Cæsar, had surpassed, and the Persian dynasty was overthrown and destroyed. Now had Heraclius had the good fortune to die at that moment his fame might have shone in the firmament as the greatest of the Cæsars. But he lived ten years longer, during which time a wandering tribe of the desert arose, defeated and ruined his armies, captured his territories, overthrew his religion and sent him to his grave in ignominy and disgrace. Heraclius, one of the greatest of all generals, was a puppet in the hands of the karma of his race.

And now comes Marx with the "Economic" interpretation of history. Marx appeared at the period when evolution as a cause of progress was being exploited for the first time. He incorporated evolution into his philosophy of economics and history. Coming under the influence of Hegel, Fenerbach and the French Communists, Marx by 1847 was done with them all and was ready to give to economics that which at the same time Darwin was giving to biology.

By 1848 the "Manifesto" had appeared. Marx finds that all growth is the result of evolution; that all institutions are the result of growth; that the causes of growth are to be sought not in ideas nor in men, but in the conditions of material existence.

It must be remembered, however, that after Marx's death, Engels, in interpreting Marx, refuses to go to the lengths to which many of the young Marxians had gone. He says, "Marx and I were partly responsible for the fact that younger men have sometimes laid more stress on the economic side than it deserves." He says: "It is not that the economic situation is the cause in the sense of being the only active agents [in history] and that everything else is only a passive result. It is, on the contrary, a case of mutual action on the basis of the economic necessity which in the last instance always works itself out."

Thus we see that Marx recognized that *no* interpretation of history could stand alone. Every interpretation must be reckoned in the final accounting for the causes of progress.

Amongst students of history the question is evidently on the cards, Who or what is the cause of the rise and fall of empires? To whom shall we give credit or discredit for the progress, stagnation and decay of nations

It seems evident that we cannot give the credit to the generation incarnating at any given time for the progress made. For each generation is radically opposed to every step of advance which "the world" makes during its incarnation.

Thus when science was taking its first baby steps, say at the time of Copernicus, Bruno and Galileo, the generations of men of that age, the later renaissance, were radically opposed to every form of scientific thought. Shall we then credit them with the birth of modern science? This were to give to the enemies of science the credit for the thing which they endeavored to destroy. Then to what generation did Copernicus belong? Must he not have been a nineteenth century man incarnating in the fifteenth?

Let it be supposed that we are now entering upon an era of co-operation and social brotherhood in this twentieth century. Can we give the credit for evolving such a condition to the men of the nineteenth? Were they not ineradicably opposed to co-operation and inalienably committed to competition? What folly, to style the coming commonwealth of this century as an emanation from, and evolution from, a slow progression through, the individualistic generations of the last one! What did they do to bring in co-operation who always violently opposed it? How can we say that those who always murdered the prophets of peace were the media through which came the abolition of war?

Must not then the Proudhons, Lassalles, Marxs, William Morris of the last century have been twentieth century men incarnating in the nineteenth?

(Concluded next number.)

THAT UPPER ROOM.

"Then thou shalt find an upper room."

What matters it now that I feel no touch of an outstretched hand? What matters it that my friend is false to me; that mine enemy openly rejoices at my sorrow? Why should I grieve for the treasures that have been stolen from me? Have I not found the way to that "Upper Room" where now await my coming the One and the Twelve?

Who can picture the beauty of that "Upper Room," with its ceiling lost in the mazes of heaven, its walls of purple and gold and blue, its thick meshed carpet of softest green, besprinkled with flowers of vivid hue? A glorious sun for its chandelier and the stars for its hanging lamps. And the table whereon the feast is spread, around which are seated the One and Twelve who await me. O Christ, dare I look thereon with unsanctified eyes; or look on the cross whereon Thou hast lain—from which Thou dost call—to which I may go, and where I may rest till the feast begins?

That "*Upper Room*," the topmost one of our seven floored home; away from all noise, all confusion of tongues; where the glare of the light of the earthly sun is softened and tendered, and all one time shadows of darkest hues are lightened to delicate shadings of mauve and gray.

Who would stay in a room of the lower floors, if but once had been caught a single glimpse of that blessed "Upper Room," e'en though the steps that led to the low hung door, through which he must pass, were ankle deep in the blood of his heart? . B. S.

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Published by The Temple on first of each month.

Annual Subscription, \$1.00.

Single Copies, 10 Cent

Entered as second-class matter July 1st, 1908. at Post-office, Halcyon, Calif.

Address all communications to THE TEMPLE ARTISAN, Halcyon, Calif.

EDITORIAL MIRROR.

The idea of correspondences between all bodies belonging to the vegetable kingdom, whose roots are embedded in the earth, and mankind, is so generally accepted, and has been so widely discussed, it would seem that the last word had been said, but an occasional backward glimpse over some of the older arguments may throw some light on the perplexing problems which confront recent converts to our philosophy.



The rosebush, covered with exquisite blossoms which almost intoxicate the senses with their beauty and fragrance, is utterly dependent for existence on the roots buried beneath the earth upon which it stands. If those roots could be perfectly observed in their natural positions, without disturbing even the least of the hairy rootlets which wander in all directions from the main roots, the eye would be caught at once by their resemblance to the branches of the rosebush above ground.

Each branch has some interior connection with its corresponding root or rootlet. The combining, holding, and sustaining force resides in the trunk of the bush, partially underneath and partially over the surface of the earth.



That force flows through, animates, and preserves intact in form the bush as a whole, and every rootlet, branch, leaf, and flower which now comprises the bush, or will ever comprise it in the future.

While the bush and its roots are interdependent and united by the trunk, the existence of one is entirely different from that of the other. It is governed by different laws, subject to different life currents; its life is utterly dependent upon a different environment from that of the other.

To other inhabitants of the earthy environment the roots of the bush are functioning in common with them; their desire and necessity are the same; they are all subject to the magnetic currents of the earth.

The stored up sunlight in the earth matter has been changed back into the creative energy, the positive currents of life, the heat and resultant moisture from the interior fires are the negative, the mother currents.



The whirling of the molecular substance of the earth around the earth's axis evokes a form of energy which frees the constantly forming interior gases, and combines them with the exterior gases of hydrogen and oxygen, and creates the moisture which every circumfluent motion of the earth's mass, induced by centrifugal and centripetal energy, serves to gather into what are commonly termed clouds.



When the action of the centrifugal and centripetal forces reach a certain high degree of power, which occurs cyclicly, they release a finer form of energy which imparts a circuitous motion to the moisture held in suspension. This energy gradually rolls up and masses the moisture into clouds, and increases the speed with which they move, with every circular movement, that is, with every expansive movement.

It is this peculiar form of energy that is the propelling power of the Winds, or to be more explicit, it is the cyclic expulsions of this particular form of energy that *are* the winds.



When the same energy is at its lowest point of power, through the cyclic lowering of the action of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, the massed moisture or clouds are compelled to discharge their heaviest drops, and rain, snow or hail falls upon the earth, at whatever point on the earth's surface the attraction is greatest.



When there is an abnormal generation and expulsion of the energy before mentioned, there is an increase in the speed and strength of the circuitous mode of motion, and the result is the high winds, cyclonic storms, tornadoes, etc., which play such havoc upon the earth; but back of all this action of forces is another great mystery—the law of gravitation, for it is this law which arouses and controls the action of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, and therefore which generates the energy of the winds.

By intelligent study of the operations of the Great Breath in all its differentiations, applying the knowledge imparted to you

in instructions and correspondences, you should be able to throw open many now closed doors; but let us never forget that back of all the most wonderful phenomena, back of all forms of energy, there is always the one eternal, all-inclusive Energy—Divine Love.
B. S.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Temple Builders—No. 89

THE FAIRY'S VISIT.

A fairy named Politeness
Flew to my house one day
And said, "Where are the children
I often see at play?"

"For I have called to teach them
Some things it's time they knew—
Such as when meeting neighbors
To say, 'How do you do?'"

"To smile at them in greeting,
At parting say, 'Good bye,'
And 'If you please,' when offered
Nice things like pumpkin pie.

"To say 'Thank you' when others
For them a kindness do.
To thoughtful be for grown folks
And smaller children, too.

"And they should not put forward
Before another's face.
To talk while others do so
Is surely out of place.

Before a door they enter
Then they should knock, 'rat-tat.'
In everybody's dwelling
The boys take off the hat.

"And lift their hats in greeting
A lady on their way,
To kindly be in all things,
And now I'll say 'Good day.'"

The fairy then flew homeward,
But left this thought in mind,
Dear children, true politeness
Is just in being kind.

E. H. HAWORTH

THE FAIRY GOOD MANNERS.

The fairy, Good "Manners,"
Is dining today,
And all the good children
Attention will pay.

How quiet she is as
She pulls out her chair;
When seated she unfolds
Her napkin with care.

She smiles at her neighbors,
And nods her bright head,
Then picks up the bread plate
And passes the bread.

She does not tilt her chair,
Nor make a loud noise
By rattling the silver
Like the girls and boys.

When soup is served to her
She takes quiet sips,
And never tilts soup-bowl,
Nor lifts it to lips.

After soup comes the meat,
And though with her knife
She cuts it—she's eaten
With folks all her life.

And one of the good rules
In which she takes pride,
Is leaving on plate, knife
And fork side by side.

And now by the handle
Her teacup she takes,
And from a plateful lifts
The nearest of cakes.

Then folding her napkin
You scarce hear her rise,
Nor walk to the doorway
Amid the good-byes.

E. H. HAWORTH.

HOW TO SEE OURSELVES.

We read that one difficulty in getting a proper estimate of our own personality is our inability to stand aside and see ourselves "from an impersonal point of view."

The study of correspondences on this line, as well as on others, will be a great help.

A woman goes abroad visiting the homes of other people; notes the arrangement of their belongings. When she returns she steps into her house, looks about on her own treasures, and tries to imagine how they would look if belonging to some other person. (It is hard, but it can be done). In comparison with those homes she has visited she sees how appearances can be improved by changing about her furniture, eliminating some things which to her now critical eye, have ceased to be either useful or ornamental; bringing a different light to some of the pictures by changing the arrangement of the draperies. She notes how some articles have retined their places merely because they were put there, and wonders why she had not seen that before.

In doing this work she finds that dust has accumulated in places not easily reached. Even some things are discovered that were almost forgotten, in the surface cleaning she has been doing. She thinks no less of her belongings than when they were in their old situations; indeed they seem more valuable as she notes the changes of which they are capable. Had she stayed at home in the same

surroundings, gaining no new light, those things would never have been disturbed, and degeneration would naturally have taken place.

Taking a mental walk, noting the virtues and faults of others, does not necessarily imply criticism, or censure. "Comparisons are odious," so we read, but that it is not always so we can prove by instituting some ourselves.

As in the case of the housekeeper, if we remain strictly in our own environment, seeing ourselves much the same, or, sliding along easily satisfied (?) with our own advancement, we surely cannot be fully aware of our true selves, whether we are progressing or retrograding.

Too much self-examination does not seem to be wise; for that increases the desire to proceed too rapidly, which produces the fire that "blasteth the tender flower."

An occasional comparison of our own *manifested* individuality with what we can see of others, will undoubtedly help us to view our faults and virtues in the abstract, as well as in the application to ourselves, and should there be anything satisfactory we can look upon it with gratification, with our selfish pride, for undoubtedly we shall discover some talent lying dust-covered, which we have neglected to improve, until we saw that in our neighbor's horizon, which made us recognize the possession of such an unimproved gift.

Instead of working in the same old rut, until work becomes a task in place of the joy it should be, by adapting some of the methods of our brothers to our own abilities, we probably can build something within ourselves which will make a shining light, where before was only a smoky flame.

So if we take a mental walk, as the housewife does a physical walk, by friendly comparison (not criticism), we may get a lantern which will throw new light on our path when we go into silent introspection.

O. V. ROE.

Seattle, Wash.

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES.

Since the last report last month the Guardian in Chief, F. A. La Due, has visited New York City, Philadelphia and Washington holding public and private meetings. It is expected that she will be back at Halcyon by the first week in December if not before. Reports from the places visited indicate great good accomplished and a consolidation of Temple elements for greater usefulness on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hillyard have returned from their eastern educational trip and are planning to become permanent residents of Halcyon.

* * * *

Members will please remember, as already requested, that all communications intended for the Temple Scribe should be addressed to Mr. Ernest Harrison, in future.

* * * *

Members are again reminded that October was the time for annual payment of dues.

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Members should exercise care in drawing money orders for payment of Temple dues, ARTISAN subscriptions, Helping Hand contributions, and for bound ARTISANS, Temple pins, etc., always making payable to Jane W. Kent, Treasurer.

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All Temple members and other readers of THE ARTISAN should PROMPTLY NOTIFY the Scribe of any change of address. Send such notice on postal card or otherwise direct to the Scribe and do not include it in any correspondence with other officers or workers at Headquarters. The observance of this method is very important to those making any change in address.

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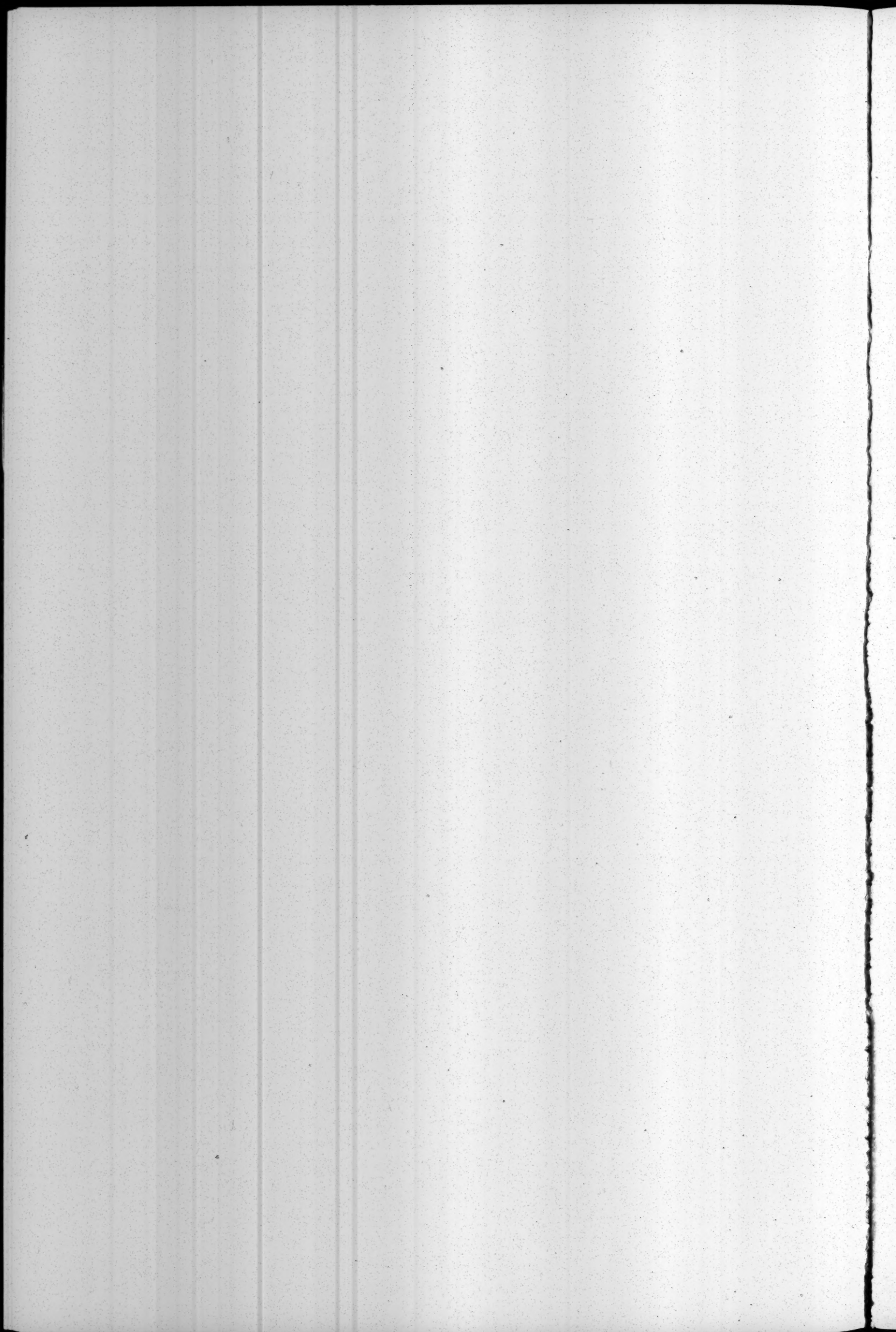
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